840. m 1/38
38

REPROOF:

A

SATIRE.

THE

SEQUEL to *ADVICE.*

——— nam quis
Peccandi finem posuit sibi? quando recepit
Ejectum semel attrita de fronte ruborem?

JUVENAL.

LONDON:
Printed for W. OWEN, at Homer's Head, near Temple-Bar, Fleetstreet;
and M. COOPER, at the Globe in Pater-noster Row. 1747.
[Price One Shilling.]

REPROOF:

A

SATIRE.

THE

SEQUEL to ADVICE.

[illegible]

---nunc pluris

Peccandi finem posse timor? quando recepit

Frenum femel cupidas fronte ruborem?

JUVENAL.

LONDON:

Printed for W. Owen, at Homer's Head, near Temple-Bar, Fleet-street;

and M. Cooper, at the Globe in Pater-noſter Row. 1747.

[Price One Shilling.]

REPROOF:

A

SATIRE.

POET. FRIEND.

P. HOwe'er I turn, or whereſoe'er I tread,
This giddy world ſtill rattles round my head!
I pant for ſilence ev'n in this retreat ---
Good heav'n! what Dæmon thunders at the gate?
Fr. In vain you ſtrive, in this ſequeſter'd nook,
To ſhroud you from an injur'd friend's rebuke.
P. An injur'd friend!---who challenges the name?
If you, what title juſtifies the claim?
Did e'er your heart o'er my affliction grieve,
Your int'reſt prop me, or your purſe relieve?

Or could my wants my ſoul ſo far ſubdue,
That in diſtreſs ſhe crawl'd for aid to you?
But let us grant th' indulgence e'er ſo ſtrong;
Diſplay without reſerve th' imagin'd wrong:
Among your kindred have I kindled ſtrife,
Deflowr'd your daughter, or debauch'd your wife;
Traduc'd your credit, bubbled you at game;
Or ſoil'd with infamous reproach your name?

Fr. No; but your cynic vanity (you'll own)
Expos'd my private counſel to the town.

P. Such fair advice 'twere pity ſure to loſe;
I grant I printed it for public uſe.

Fr. Yes, ſeaſon'd with your own remarks between,
Inflam'd with ſo much virulence of ſpleen,
That the mild town (to give the dev'l his due)
Aſcrib'd the whole performance to a Jew.

P. *Jew*'s, *Turk*'s, or *Pagan*'s, hallowed be the mouth
That teems with moral zeal and dauntleſs truth!
Prove that my partial ſtrain adopts one lye,
No penitent more mortify'd than I;

26. *To a Jew.*] Various have been the conjectures concerning the author of ADVICE, who has been repreſented as a *Jew*, a Clergyman, a Templar, an independent Elector; nay, ſome have not ſcrupled to aſcribe the whole performance to the ſpirit of the late counſellor *Morgan*.

Not ev'n the wretch in ſhackles, doom'd to groan
Beneath th' inhuman ſcoffs of *W---mſ-n.*

Fr. Hold---let us ſee this boaſted ſelf-denial---
The vanquiſh'd knight has triumph'd in his trial.

P. What then?

Fr. Your own ſarcaſtic verſe unſay,
That brands him as a trembling runaway.

P. With all my ſoul!--th' imputed charge rehearſe;
I'll own my error and expunge the verſe.
Come, come,--howe'er the day was loſt or won,
The world allows the race was fairly run.
When ſheep were ſubject to the lion's reign,
Ere man acquir'd dominion o'er the plain;
Voracious wolves fierce ruſhing from the rocks,
Devour'd without controul th' unguarded flocks:
The ſuff'rers crouding round the royal cave,
Their monarch's pity and protection crave:
Not that they wanted valour, force or arms,
To ſhield their lambs from danger and alarms;
A thouſand rams the champions of the fold,
In ſtrength of horn, and patriot virtue bold,

Engag'd

Engag'd in firm aſſociation, ſtood,
Their lives devoted to the public good:
A warlike chieftain was their ſole requeſt,
To marſhal, guide, inſtruct and rule the reſt:
Their pray'r was heard, and by conſent of all,
A courtier ape appointed general.—
He went, he led, arrang'd the battle ſtood,
The ſavage foe came pouring like a flood;
Then pug aghaſt, fled ſwifter than the wind,
Nor deign'd in threeſcore miles to look behind:
The fleecy band for orders bleat in vain,
And fell in ſlaughter'd heaps upon the plain:
The ſcar'd baboon (to cut the matter ſhort)
With all his ſpeed could not outrun report;
And to appeaſe the clamours of the nation,
'Twas fit his caſe ſhould ſtand examination.
The board was nam'd — each worthy took his place;
All ſenior members of the horned race.—

68. *Horned race.*] It is not to be wonder'd at, that this board conſiſted of horned cattle only, ſince, before the uſe of arms, every creature was obliged in war to fight with ſuch weapons as nature afforded it, conſequently thoſe ſupplied with horns bid faireſt for ſignalizing themſelves in the field, and carrying off the firſt poſts in the army.—But I obſerve, that among the members of this court, there is no mention made of ſuch of the horned family as were chiefly celebrated for valour; namely, the bull, unicorn, rhinoceros, *&c.* which gives reaſon to ſuſpect, that theſe laſt were either out of favour with the miniſtry, laid aſide on account of their great age, or that the ape had intereſt enough at court to exclude them from the number of his judges.

The

The weather, goat, ram, elk and ox were there,
And a grave, hoary ſtag poſſeſs'd the chair ---
Th' inquiry paſt, each in his turn began
The culprit's conduct variouſly to ſcan.
At length, the ſage uprear'd his awful creſt,
And pauſing, thus his fellow chiefs addreſs'd.---
If age, that from this head its honours ſtole,
Hath not impair'd the functions of my ſoul,
But ſacred wiſdom with experience bought,
While this weak frame decays, matures my thought;
Th' important iſſue of this grand debate
Will furniſh precedent to our own fate;
Should ever fortune call us to repel
The ſhaggy foe, ſo deſperate and fell.---
'Tis plain (you ſay) his excellence Sir Ape
From the dire field accompliſh'd an eſcape;
Alas! our fellow-ſubjects ne'er had bled,
If every ram that fell, like him had fled;
Certes, thoſe ſheep were rather mad than brave,
Who ſcorn'd th' example their wiſe leader gave.
Let us, then, ev'ry vulgar hint diſdain,
And from our brother's laurel waſh the ſtain.---

Th' admiring court applauds the president,
And pug was clear'd by general consent.

Fr. There needs no magic to divine your scope,
Mark'd as you are, a flagrant misanthrope:
Sworn foe to good and bad, to great and small,
Thy rankling pen produces nought but gall:
Let virtue struggle, or let glory shine,
Thy verse affords not one approving line.---

P. Hail sacred themes! the muse's chief delight!
O bring the darling objects to my sight!
My breast with elevated thought shall glow,
My fancy brighten, and my numbers flow!
Th' *Aonian* grove with rapture would I tread,
To crop unfading wreaths for WILLIAM's head;
But that my strain, unheard amidst the throng,
Must yield to *L-ck--n*'s ode and *H--b'-y*'s song.
Nor would th' enamour'd muse neglect to pay
To *Stanhope*'s worth the tributary lay;

91. *The admiring court.*] The reader will discern a great deal more of the hind than of the hero in this harangue, which, however, is very well adapted to the capacity and disposition of the hearers.

106. L-ck--n's *ode and* H--n---y's *song.*] Two productions resembling one another very much in that cloying mediocrity, which *Horace* compares to ——*Crassum unguentum, et sordo cum melle papaver.*

108. Stanhope's *worth*] The Earl of *Chesterfield.*

The ſoul unſtain'd, the ſenſe ſublime to paint,
A people's patron, pride and ornament!
Did not his virtues eterniz'd remain
The boaſted theme of *Pope*'s immortal ſtrain.
Not ev'n the pleaſing taſk is left, to raiſe
A grateful monument to *Barnard*'s praiſe;
Elſe ſhould the venerable Patriot ſtand
Th' unſhaken pillar of a ſinking land.
The gladd'ning proſpect let me ſtill purſue,
And bring fair virtue's triumphs to the view!
Alike to me, by fortune bleſt or not,
From ſoaring *Cobham* to the melting *Scot*.
But lo! a ſwarm of harpies intervene,
To ravage, mangle and pollute the ſcene!
Gorg'd with our plunder, yet ſtill gaunt for ſpoil,
Rapacious *G--d--n* faſtens on our iſle;
Inſatiate *L--ſc--s*, and the fiend *V--n--k*,
Riſe on our ruins, and enjoy the wreck;

120. *Melting* Scot.] D---l M---k---r, Eſq; a man of ſuch primitive ſimplicity, that he may be ſaid to have exceeded the ſcripture-injunction, by not only parting with cloak and coat, but with his ſhirt alſo, to relieve a brother in diſtreſs.

124. *G--d--n, L--ſ--s, V--n--k,*] A triumvirate of contractors, who ſcorning the narrow views of private uſury, found means to lay a whole ſtate under contribution; and pillage a kingdom of immenſe ſums, under the protection of law.

While

While griping *J--p--r* glories in his prize,
Wrung from the widow's tears and orphan's cries.

Fr. Relaps'd again! ſtrange tendency to rail!
I fear'd this meekneſs would not long prevail.

P. You deem it rancour then?--- Look round and ſee
What vices flouriſh ſtill, unprun'd by me:
Corruption roll'd in a triumphant car,
Diſplays his burniſh'd front and glitt'ring ſtar;
Nor heeds the public ſcorn, or tranſient curſe,
Unknown alike to honour and remorſe.
Behold the leering belle, careſs'd by all,
Adorn each private feaſt and public ball;
Where Peers attentive liſten and adore,
And not one matron ſhuns the titled whore.
At *Peter*'s obſequies I ſung no dirge;
Nor has my ſatire yet ſupply'd a ſcourge
For the vile tribes of uſurers and bites,
Who ſneak at *Jonathan*'s and ſwear at *White*'s.

127. *Griping* J—p—r] A Chriſtian of bowels, who lends money to his friends in want at the moderate intereſt of 50 *per cent.*

137. *The leering belle*] A wit of the firſt water, celebrated for her talent of repartee and double entendre.

141. Peter's *obſequies*] *Peter W-t-rs*, Eſq; whoſe character is too well known to need deſcription.

Each

Each low purſuit, and ſlighter folly bred
Within the ſelfiſh heart and hollow head,
Thrives uncontroul'd, and bloſſoms o'er the land,
Nor feels the rigour of my chaſt'ning hand:
While *Codrus* ſhivers o'er his bags of gold,
By famine wither'd, and benumb'd by cold;
I mark his haggard eyes with frenzy roll,
And feaſt upon the terrors of his ſoul;
The wrecks of war, the perils of the deep,
That curſe with hideous dreams the caitiff's ſleep;
Inſolvent debtors, thieves and civil ſtrife,
Which daily perſecute his wretched life;
With all the horrors of prophetic dread,
That rack his boſom while the mail is read.
Safe from the rod, untainted by the ſchool,
A judge by birth, by deſtiny a fool,
While the young lordling ſtruts in native pride,
His party-colour'd tutor by his ſide,
Pleas'd, let me own the pious mother's care,
Who to the brawny ſire commits her heir.

162. *His party-colour'd tutor*] Whether it be for the reaſon aſſigned in the ſubſequent lines, or the frugality of parents, who are unwilling to throw away money in making their children wiſer than themſelves, I know not: but certain it is, that many people of faſhion commit the education of their heirs to ſome truſty footman, with a particular command to keep maſter out of the ſtable.

Fraught with the ſpirit of a Gothic monk,
Let *R---ch* with dulneſs and devotion drunk,
Enjoy the peal ſo barbarous and loud,
While his brain ſpues new monſters to the croud;
I ſee with joy, the vaticide deplore
An hell-denouncing prieſt and ſov'reign whore.
Let ev'ry poliſh'd dame and genial lord
Employ the ſocial chair, and venal board;
Debauch'd from ſenſe, let doubtful meanings run,
The vague conundrum and the prurient pun;
While the vain fop, with apiſh grin, regards
The gig'ling minx half choak'd behind her cards:
Theſe and a thouſand idle pranks, I deem
The motley ſpawn of ignorance and whim.
Let pride conceive and folly propagate,
The faſhion ſtill adopts the ſpurious brat:

168. *Spues new monſters to the croud*;] Monſters of abſurdity.

He look'd, and ſaw a ſable ſorc'rer riſe,
Swift to whoſe hand a winged volume flies:
All ſudden, gorgons hiſs, and dragons glare,
And ten-horn'd fiends and giants ruſh to war.
Hell riſes, heaven deſcends, and dance on earth,
Gods, imps and monſters, muſic, rage and mirth,
A fire, a jig, a battle and a ball,
Till one wide conflagration ſwallows all. DUNCIAD.

172. *Employ the ſocial chair*] This is no other than an empty chair, carried about with great formality, to perform viſits, by the help of which a decent correſpondence is often maintained among people of faſhion, many years together, without one perſonal interview; to the great honour of hoſpitality and good neighbourhood.

172. *Venal board*] Equally applicable to the dining and card table, where every gueſt muſt pay an extravagant price for what he has.

Nothing

Nothing ſo ſtrange that faſhion will not tame;
By this diſhonour ceaſes to be ſhame:
This weans from bluſhes lewd *T--r--w--y*'s face,
Gives *H--w--y* praiſe and *In--d--by* diſgrace,
From *Mead* to *Th--p--n* ſhifts the palm at once,
A medling, prating, blund'ring, buſy dunce!
And may (ſhould taſte a little more decline)
Transform the nation to an herd of ſwine.

Fr. The fatal period haſtens on apace!
Nor will thy verſe th' obſcene event diſgrace;
Thy flow'rs of poetry, that ſmell ſo ſtrong,
The keeneſt appetites have loath'd the ſong;
Condemn'd by *M--k--n*, *B---wby* and *Ch--y*,
And all the crop-ear'd critics of the city:
While ſagely neutral ſits thy ſilent friend,
Alike averſe to cenſure or commend.

P. Peace to the gentle ſoul, that could deny
His invocated voice to fill the cry!
And let me ſtill the ſentiment diſdain
Of him, who never ſpeaks but to arraign;

185. *H--w--ly praiſe*] A General ſo renown'd for conduct and diſcipline, that, during an action in which he had a conſiderable command, he is ſaid to have been ſeen rallying three fugitive dragoons, five miles from the field of battle.

193. M--k--n, B--w--y, C--tty,] A fraternity of wits, whoſe virtue, modeſty, and taſte, are much of the ſame dimenſion.

The sneering son of calumny and scorn,
Whom neither arts, nor sense, nor soul adorn:
Or his, who to maintain a critic's rank,
Tho' conscious of his own internal blank,
His want of taste unwilling to betray,
'Twixt sense and nonsense hesitates all day;
With brow contracted hears each passage read,
And often hums and shakes his empty head;
Until some oracle ador'd, pronounce
The passive bard a poet or a dunce;
Then, in loud clamour echoes back the word,
'Tis bold! insipid,-- soaring or absurd.
These, and th' unnumber'd shoals of smaller fry,
That nibble round, I pity and defy.

FINIS.